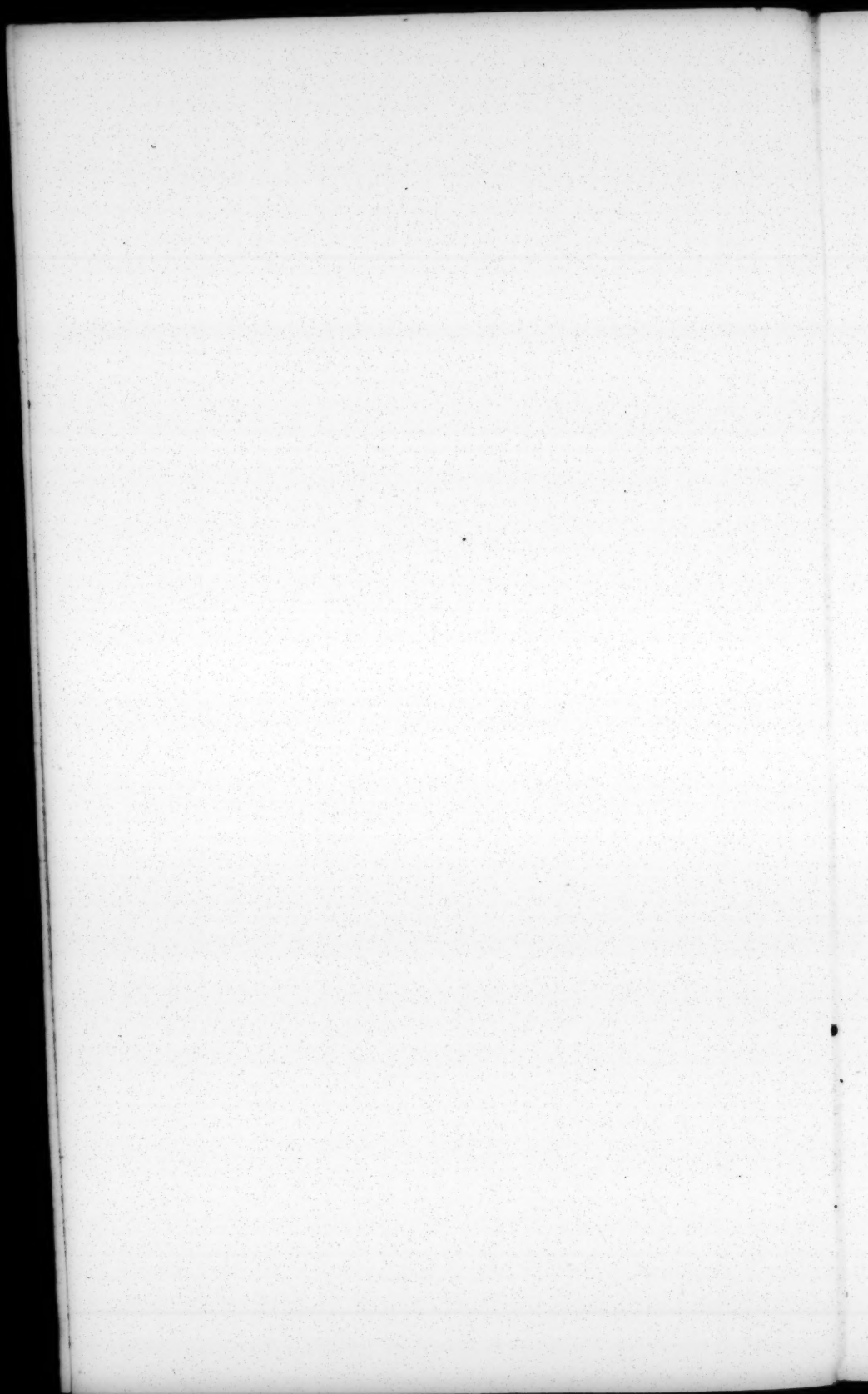

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.



A COLLECTION

OF

SONGS,

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

Mr. DIBDIN.

IF TO BE MERRY'S TO BE WISE, TO BE WISE IS TO BE MERRY.

THIRD EDITION,

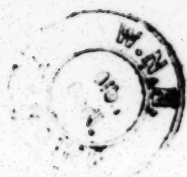
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VOLUME II.

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13 n

DIBDIN'S
SELECTED SONGS.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I vow I thought you, at first sight,
A moppet, a baboon, a fright,
Or some hobgoblin of the night,
That guilty creatures waken :

With nose and chin like ram's horns curl'd,
And brows in furrowed wrinkles furl'd,
Well, 'tis amazing in this world,
How one may be mistaken.

II

For now I see, with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your shambling trotters ply,
As if by palsy shaken :

You're young as Ganemede and fair,
 Narcissus had not such an air,
 Well, 'tis amazing I declare,
 How one may be mistaken.

BALLAD.

ONCE on a time to mighty Jove,
 Complaints came from afar,
 From men of unsuccessful love,
 Miscarriages in war:

In law the want of equity,
 Of mirth at city feasts,
 Of pathos in their poetry,
 And of good works in priests.

II

So loud and clam'rous were these clods,
 That Jove, ne'er left at rest,
 Conven'd a synod of the gods,
 And Bacchus 'mongst the rest:

He, merry wag, knew what on earth
Thus caused them to repine,
And instant sent them genuine mirth,
Cask'd up in tons of wine.

III.

The lover drank and eas'd his care,
Heroes grew high in fame,
A comely paunch mark'd each Lord Mayor,
And lawyers just became.

Bards sung divine, priests put up prayers,
For such a blessing given,
And Bacchus to this day declares,
There's no such drink in heaven.

BALLAD.

WHEN last in the Dreadful your honour set sail,
On Newfoundland banks, there came on a hard gale,
There was thunder, red lightning, and cold whistling
hail,
Enough the old gentleman to scare ;

One who threaten'd your life, dash'd below by a wave,
 Your own hand I saw snatch'd from a watery grave;
 And you said 'twas well done, for that still with the
 brave
 The noblest of glory's to spare.

II.

When yard arm and yard arm long side of a foe,
 When the blood from the scuppers rain'd on us below,
 When crippled enough to be taken in tow,
 'To strike we saw Mounseur prepare:

If a broadside below, or a volley above,
 The men were all ready to give her for love,
 How oft has your honour cry'd not a hand move,
 A hero's true glory's to spare.

SONG.

FAR from strife and love's alarms,
 With joyous heart, and mind at ease
 Time was when resistless charms,
 Bacchus knew the way to please.

When while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each minute pass,
Nor ever had I heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass.

My flask now broke, and spilt my wine,
For Cupid Bacchus' joys I quit,
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And love, turn'd Fate, cries out submit.

BALLAD.

I WENT to sea with heavy heart,
Of her I lov'd the scorn,
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn:

Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,
Yet did I wish to live,
Still willing, for my poor heart was true,
To forget and to forgive.

II.

The first word, when on English ground,
I spoke was her false name,
And soon upon enquiry found
—For scandal flies—her thame :

She lov'd a youth before the wind,
Who cut and let her drive ;
Avaft, cried I, 'twere now too kind,
To forget and to forgive.

III.

While of these thoughts my mind was full,
While adverse hopes and fears,
Like winds did this and that way pull,
She came to me in tears :

Down went my colours, and I swore
For her alone I'd live,
Kiss'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er,
To forget and to forgive.

BALLAD.

THE boatswain calls, the wind is fair,
The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,
We to duty must repair,
Where our stations well we know :

Cast off halliards from the cleets,
Stand by well, clear all the sheets ;
Come my boys,
Your handspikes poise,
And give one general huzza :
Yet fighting as you pull away,
For the tents ashore that flow,
To the windluffs let us go,
With yo heave ho!

II.

The anchor coming now apeak,
Lest the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tapering yards must seek,
And back the foretop-sail well we know :

A pleasing duty ! from aloft
 We faintly see those charms were oft,
 When returning,
 With passion burning,
 We fondly gaze, those eyes that seem
 In parting with big tears to stream ;
 But come, left ours as fast should flow,
 To the windlafs once more go,
 With yo heave ho !

III

Now the ship is under weigh,
 The breeze so willing,
 The canvafs filling,
 The prest triangle cracks the stay,
 So taught to haul the sheet we know :

And now in trim we gaily sail,
 The massy beam receives the gale,
 While freed from duty
 To his beauty,
 Left on the less'ning shore afar,
 A fervent sigh heaves every tar,
 To thank those tears from him that flow,
 That from his true love he should go,
 With yo heave ho !

BALLAD.

IN THE LONG ODDS.

AND did you hear what sad disaster,
 Poor Peg of Mapledown befel ?
 For love that stoutest hearts can master,
 Alas! that those who love so well,

In sorrow's train
 Should mourn in vain :
 Her story does such grief impel,
 That woe is me the while I tell.

II.

She lov'd a youth of honest kindred ;
 At church behold the happy pair ;
 And ask what 'twas their bliss that hinder'd,
 For he was young, and she was fair :

Accurs'd be wars,
 And party jars,
 Why must the handsome danger share :
 Alas! it fills me with despair.

III.

Onward to his liege lord's dwelling
A rebel rout had cut their way ;
What shrieks ensued ! and what a yelling !
For he a true man must away ;

He swore the fight
Would end ere night,
And he'd return with garlands gay,
Sweet trophies for his wedding day.

IV.

Night came, and saw the youth returning ?
Accurs'd be war's destructive knife ;
She ran to clasp, with passion burning,
Her wedded lord—depriv'd of life !

Oh cruel spight,
What ! not one night,
Is not her tale with misery rife ?
At once a maiden and a wife.

BALLAD.

IN THE LONG ODDS.

A failor, and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart,
For, how should one stem wind and tide
If tother should refuse to guide?
With that she freely cuts the waves.

And so the tar,
When clashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and dangers braves
Where duty calls; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl ashore.

II.

'Tis not a thousand leagues from home
More horrid than the billows foam?
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in distant seas;
Danger surrounds him far and near:

But honest tar,
Though winds and water round him jar,
Consults his heart, and scorns to fear,

The risks he runs endears him more
To grog aboard, and girl ashore.

III.

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murd'rous ball will sooner light
On that than any other spot,
To face the cannon is his lot;
He must of danger have his share:

But honest tar,
Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
Consults his heart, and shakes off care:
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girl ashore.

BALLAD.

IN HARVEST HOME.

WOUNDS, here's such a coil! I am none of your poor
Petty variety, who flatter, and cringe, and procure;
I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne,
For five chattles, and goods, and strong beer of my own:

Befides, 'tis a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let any thing wait but the generous ale.

I I

My interest I love; thee I love too, good wife,
But still I love better a jovial life:
And for thee, or my lady, with duty devout,
I'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out.

But, 'tis always a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let any thing wait, but the generous ale.

BALLAD.

IN HARVEST HOME.

ARRAH Pat, did you leave your poor Unah to mourn!
Fait and troth, my dear jewel,
Now was it not cruel!
Oh come brack again, or you'll never return
To cheer me when I'm broken hearted.

Straight forward I look when around me so gay
I'd a pleasure in toiling
While Patrick was smiling,

The sun shined, though 'twas cloudy, the while we
made hay,
For den Pat and I had not parted.

II.

Each bird while it's singing may shut up its throat :
I won't look at the thistle,
Where goldfinches whistle,
For though they all thun me, I don't hear a note,
How can I, while thus broken hearted ?

The cows may courant it, the sheep frisk and play,
Lambs and kidlings be dancing,
And skipping, and prancing,
For though they're beside me, they're all gone away,
Since Patrick and Unah are parted.

SONG.

IN HARVEST HOME.

AWAY, pale fear and ghastly terror !
Fly, at a parent's voice away !
Correcting every youthful error,
She deigns to bid, and I obey :

And Oh, my heart ! thou murmur'st treason,
Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move ;
This sacrifice I make to reason,
Lies, poor flut'ner, and approve !

BALLAD.

IN HARVEST HOME.

THOUGH I am humble, mean, and poor,
Yet faith am I disarming :
And one may see the sun shine sure
Without the help of learning.

This little maxim, for my sake,
I pray you be believing,
The truest maxim that we take
Are those that we are giving.

II.

Is there a wretch, with all his grief,
Sorrow as a rich miser ?
Sure does not he deride himself ?
No maxim can be wiser.

He who is blest for his own sake,
Fait is himself deceiving :
The truest pleasures that we take,
Are those that we are giving.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

TRULY friend Gil thou choosest well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For often times sad tales they tell,
Of wives who are too comely :

But cheer thee Perez, and be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,
For how can she e'er go astray
Who never will be tempted.

II.

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blossom on a moor,
Fire Luns not without fuel :

Up with thy heart then Gil, be gay,
From furnished brows exempted,
Thy wife can never go astray,
For she will ne'er be tempted.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

Ah let not an instant of life pass in vain,
The moments escape us, and age brings on pain,
Life's too precious, too fugitive joy,
The flowers which yesterday zephyr disclosed,
Droop'd their heads on their stalks before Phœbus repos'd,
Thus one single day serves to form and destroy.

II.

Then think not of ought but the moment that flies,
To learn to be happy's to learn to be wise,
Seize pleasure while pleasure's our own,
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above,
Chance but obeyed Fate, and blest with thy love,
I envy no king on his throne.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

THIS life's a day's journey, we rise in the morn,
The sun, trees, and flowers our prospect adorn,
When, perhaps, we have scarcely been set out an hour,
But slap we're o'ertaken, and fouled in a shower:

To shelter then quickly, and see now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good spirits we set out once more,
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with dust, and now popped in a slough.

II.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we've a low'ring, and now a clear sky,
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the cheer,
Now refresh'd we set forward to end our career:

But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bonied,
And jolted, and jostled, and tumbl'd and tired,
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are light,
In hopes we shall meet with a good inn at night.

BALLAD.

FORGIVE me if thus I presuming
Come hither your heart to surprise,
Smile, smile, and my hopes re-illumine :
But my pardon I read in your eyes :

No impostor the passion I own is,
And heaven what delight could I be
As truly to you an Adonis,
As you are a Venus to me.

II.

The goods who so often delighted
In borrow'd forms, some fair nymph to pursue,
Might confess they were never excited
By an object so charming as you.

No impostor, &c.

BALLAD.

OUR Jupiter has near his throne,
Two vessels which he fills,
The one with benefits alone,
The other crams with ills :

From the good vessel, health, content,
Plenty and bliss he gives,
While from the evil forth are sent
Gout, stone, and scolding wives.

II.

Thus to mankind with heedful care,
In just proportion weigh'd,
The lot to each, each best can bear,
By Jove's decree convey'd :

Unless his patience when to rub,
Juno the devil drives,
Then headlong from the left hand tub,
Go troops of scolding wives.

III.

Of this complaint on me, like air,
From men still passed away,
Till that same type of Juno there
Let loose her tongue to-day :

But now entreating Jove I'll go,
To chequer not their lives
With any other spot of woe,
Who're plagu'd with scolding wives.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

CELIA's an angel, by her face
The rose and lily's shamed,
The tresses of love's queen, for grace,
With her's can ne'er be named :

The gods, cried one, that face with care
Formed in their best of humours,
What pity 'tis both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's.

II.

Celia has sworn to love till death,
For words so full of bliss,
I could have long'd, but for her breath,
To steal an ardent kiss :

Rapture itself is poor and cold,
To joy that she discovers,
What pity she the same has told
To fifty other lovers.

III.

Celia is young, behold her mein,
Alert from top to toe,
My aunt, says she, was just fifteen
Some thirty years ago :

Thus youth and beauty's best delights
Sweet Celia are adorning,
For she a Venus is at nights,
A sybil in the morning.

BALLAD.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The din of feud drove cross the sky,
All was fire lashed, the bowl was flung,
When careless thus Ned Haw'yard sung:

A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

II.

Down topmasts boys, the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:

A sailor's life, &c.

III.

A leak, a leak!—come lads be bo'd,
There's five foot water in the hold,

Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark while working at the pump :

A failor's life, &c.

IV.

And see ! the vessel nought can save,
She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave !
Yet Ned preserved, with a few more,
Sings as he treats a foreign shore :

A failor's life, &c.

V.

And now—unnumbered perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last
In tatters to his Poll and home
See honest Haulyard singing come :

A failor's life, &c.

VI.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face ;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing goes again to sea :

A failor's life, &c.

WELCH BALLAD.

I PRAY you when your sweetheart pouts,
And fleers, and flouts,
And glours, and glouts,
Ne'er mind the purling of her prow,
But pout again I pray you now :

Is it not true that females vex,
Plague, and perplex
The other sex,
With whimsies in their heads that grow,
And fantisies I pray you now :

II.

Tack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts,
Do not their arts,
And whims and flarts,
Plue tiffles in their heads that crow,
And jealousies I pray you now ?

Then mind not nonsense of the fair,
But change your air,
And shake off care ;
Nor to their tricks and fancies pow,
But let them ko I pray you now.

BALLAD.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand reef and steer,
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to found:

Which a sailer can tell from a bay to a shoal,
But the best sort of founding is founding the bowl.

II.

I've founded at land, and I've founded at sea,
I've founded a-weather, and founded a-lee,
I've founded my quine, at the randivoo house,
And I've founded my purse without finding a soufe:

What then, we've a brother in each honest soul,
And sailors can ne'er want for founding the bowl.

III.

All men try for soundings wherever they steer,
Your nabobs for soundings strive heard in Cape Clear,

And there is not a soul from the devil to the Pope,
That could live but for founding the Cape of Good
Hope :

No fear then, nor danger our hearts shall controul,
Though at sea, we're in soundings while founding the
bowl.

BALLAD.

IN which of all thy various joys,
The tongue of fame so employs,
Didst thou best taste, say mighty Jove,
The pure, unmix'd delights of love ?

Not with Europa :—there recourse
Thou boldly had'st to brutal force ;
Her wishes took with thee no part,
She gave her person, not her heart.

II.

Not with the beauteous Theban dame,
When thou assumedst her husband's name ;
For, thou ingenious was the whim ;
She knew not thee, but thought of him :

Not then when in a glitt'ring shower
Thou visit'st Danae in the tower:
The gold prevail'd 'tis true, and she
Yielded to interest, not to thee.

III.

Nor Semele, whom to obey
Thou can'st in terrible array,
She, proud one, yielded not to love,
But to ambition, and to Jove:

No; 'twas Mnemosyne, sweet fair,
Thy joys, indeed, were perfect there;
Joys hadst thou not, no bard had sung,
For thence the immortal sisters sprung.

BALLAD.

LIKE a very gallant will I compliment all :
 I must leer at and ogle the pretty,
 Tell the short ones they're neat, and the majestic the:re
 tall,
 And call the homely ones witty.

Thus agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,
 I shall tickle their vanity snugly,
 Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,
 And console with a fortune the ugly.

II.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin,
 To the florid I'll hold forth on roses,
 Call squinting a leer, and a smile in a grin,
 An' proportion where chins kiss with noses :

Thus agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,
 I'll tickle their vanity snugly
 That I'll please tall and short, fat and lean, age and youth,
 And reconcile even the ugly.

BALLAD.

If tars of their money are lavish,
I say, brother, take this wipe from me,
'Tis because we're not muck-worms, nor slavish,
Like lubbers who ne'er go sea :

What's cunning, and such quivication,
And them fly manœuvres to we,
To be roughish is no valuation
To hearties who plough the salt sea.

II.

As for cheating—light weights, and short measures,
And corruption, and bribery, d'ye see,
These never embitter the pleasures,
Of good fellows who plough the salt seas :

You've ashore actions, writs, cessaries,
And a regiment of counsel to see,
Jack knows not of such like vagaries—
We never trust lawyers at sea.

III.

'Tis said that with grog and our lasses,
Because jolly sailors are free,
That money we squander like asses,
Which like horses we earn'd when at sea:

But let them say this, that, or tother,
In one thing they're forc'd to agree,
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that plough the salt sea.

GLEE.

WOULD ye know where freedom dwells,
Where jovial pearts carouse and sing,
Haunt these grots, explore these cells,
Here every subject is a king:

Sprightly mirth inhabits here,
And joy that knows no listless pause;
For how should we shut sorrow fear,
Who square our lives by pleasure's laws?

What's fortune!—Is it chance or worth?
Peasant and Prince their race must run—
Nor is there that poor spot on earth
But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

An infant defenceless, of succours bereft,
On this rude barren wild was I thrown,
My sole ray of comfort I had not been left,
To brood o'er my sorrows alone:

To see cataracts falling, and hear lions roar,
On the awful loud war in the deep,
Is the fate poor Flametta was borne to deplore,
Which she oft would with kinder and weep.

II.

To this assemblage of horrors endured,
What yet greater ills could one prove,
Could one think for a heart which had so much endured,
Fate should store up a torment like love.

'Tis too much, I've decided, and who shall relate
When her and her miseries sleep,
The tale of Fiametta, will fare with her fate,
Poor wretch, had been kinder, and weep.

BALLAD.

DEVOTED to Celia, and blest in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delight as I ran o'er her charms,
When methought on each grace as I gaz'd with surmise,
For pre-eminence pleaded her mouth and her eyes :
Like counsel this open'd, and t'other replied,
Appealing to me as the judge to decide.

II.

Her mouth opening sweetly, thus said with a smile,
'Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile ;
' I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond sigh,
' And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny :
' Then while rows of pearls vermeil lips sweetly hide,
' On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'

With ineffable sweetness, while looking me through,
Her eyes careless cried—' Why I can speak too;
' And in such charming language, so made to controul,
' That of sensible lovers it goes to the soul :
' Mouths may fib, but while eyes to the heart are the
' guide,
' 'Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'

IV.

Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath,
' Charming eyes, charming mouth, I'm in love with
' you both:
' To express your sweet influence no language has
' terms,
' One makes me a promise which no other confirms :
' Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride,
' Oh your different claims then how can I decide ?'

BALLAD.

To a slight common wound it is some diminution,
Diverting its throbbing, to smile at the smart,
But where's the firm mind can boast such resolution,
On the face to wear smiles when the wound is in the
heart?

The wand'rings and errors of folly are treason,
And should be condemn'd as disloyal to love :
But reverence is due to the errors of reason,
Which, though they're a weakness, we're forc'd to
approve.

II.

Then pray cease to jest : were my griefs superficial,
Unconcern'd, like yourself Sir, I merry might be,
But such cruel jests can but prove prejudicial,
And though pastime to you, may be mortal to me :

Yet let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word that the fairness of candour might blot,
But gratefully just, may alone the intention
In my memory be cherish'd, the action forgot.

BALLAD.

CURS'D be the fordid wretch of yore,
Who from the bowels of the earth,
First drew crude heaps of shining ore,
Stamp'd the rude mass, and gave it worth:

Ere yet distinctions and degrees
In lovers' wishes bore a part,
Truly to love was then to please,
And heart was made the price of heart,

II.

Henceforth ye lovers nothing hope,
Your fire is dead, your ardour cold;
Love has no influence, pow'r or scope,
But what which it derives from gold:

Long may you languish, long expect,
Vows lav'd, wishes, sighs employ,
A little temble to erect,
Which gold can in an hour destroy.

BALLAD.

PROFITIOUS gods that rule our fate,
 Whose ears are tir'd with idle prayers,
 To banish ills that men create,
 And chase imaginary cares :

And first they ask, in rank and pow'r,
 A fate from every care exempt ?
 Vain hope !—ambition lasts its hour,
 Then dwindles into just contempt.

II.

Next reputation in the field,
 Renown, and to be great in story,
 I all such horrid honours yield,
 No brother's blood shall buy my glory.

A sumptuous palace, gorgeous board,
 A train of followers next they crave :
 Poor fool ! his guests retir'd, the lord
 Is but a solitary slave.

III.

Next to their memories they'd erect,
 A statue, lasting fame to give :—
 I ask but reason, and expect
 My little pleasures while I live.

Happy in honours, power, wealth,
 If you but grant my fond desire,
 A blameless heart, unshaken health,
 My friends, my bottle, and my lyre.

BALLAD.

Such love as holy hermits bear
 The shrine where they put up their prayer,
 As love the feather'd race the air,
 Or sportive fish the sea :

Such as in breast of Seraphs spring,
 When on the expanse of heav'n they wing,
 To greet that power by whom they sing,
 Such love I Lear to thee.

II.

Such thankful love as warm must glow
 In those who sunk in night and snow,

When welcome beams first faintly flew
The long-lost sun they see.

As pleasure youth comfort the old,
Virtue the good, or fame the bold,
As health the sick, or misers gold,
Such love I bear to thee.

BALLAD.

Come listen a while. 'twill do your heart good,
While I sing of Clorinda and bold Robin Hood:
The damsel as handsome as handsome can be,
Who has many a pound, and plenty of geer,
Than whose father no lord ever kept better cheer.

Who now goes to marry a mate of high blood,
And all out of sight to this bold Robin Hood:
Tadderer too, tadderer tee, tadderer, radderer, tandoree.

II.

This Robin, as shall be related anon,
With brave William Scarlet, and bold Little John,
All outlaws, as daring as daring can be.

Makes this wide skirted firrest betimes in the morn,
 Resound far and near with the Luge horn :

When straight out of fear all that live near the wood
 Run and lock up their daughters from bold Robin Hood.

Tadderer too, &c.

III.

How this Robin full fifty bold ferrefters flew,
 How the Pindar of Wakefield made one of his crew,
 As desperate a crew as desperate can be :
 How the butcher he truck'd, bid the bold tinker stand,
 Made the bishop say mass, and fought Arthur of Bland,
 Are wrote and set down in true language and good,
 In the life and adventures of bold Robin Hood.

Tadderer too, &c.

IV.

But the best joke of all is the comical tale,
 How he rescued the sweetheart of Allen a Dale,
 An action as daring as daring can be ;
 It happened her parents would force her to church,
 With intention poor Allen to leave in the lurch,
 When twenty stout fellows, all firm men and good,
 Rush'd in, and were headed by bold Robin Hood.

Tadderer too, &c.

v.

Put to come to Clorinda, and finish my tale,
 The second edition of Allen a Dale,
 With us he'd fain play, but too cunning are we,
 Him John, and his Scarlet we all laugh to scorn,
 His merry men all and his bugle horn :

Let them come then, he'll find us all stout men and good,
 Fit to drub all such outlaws as bold Robin Hood.

Tadlerer too, &c.

BALLAD.

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
 While echoed by the sprightly horn,
 The toils and pleasures we recount
 Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er d'd lag,
 Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had Aclon been the flag,
 And we had hunted by command
 Of the goddess of the chase.

II.

The hounds were out and snuffed the air,
And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the flot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

III.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl:
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns retound a call.

'Twas glorious sport. &c.

IV.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WOULD you hear a sad story of wee,
That tears from a stone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a tar you must know,
As honest as e'er buiscuit broke :

His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

II.

His place no one ever knew more :
His heart was all kindness and love :
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove :

He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate,
His father to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love where hard fate
Plunged him deep in a watery grave.

III.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A false friend his mild nature abused,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure abused :

That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find,
In the ocean a watery grave.

IV.

Too sure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplish'd its end ;
Ben, a truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend :

On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loote to his sorrows he gave,
Take thy with, he cried, false cruel fair ;
And pun'g'd in a watery grave.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

To ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
He's as honest a fellow I'd have you to know
As e'er stept between stem and stern :

Let furious winds the vessel waft,
In his station amidships, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo yo !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig ;
But his joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

II.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I hove the lee,
The main top gallant mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's Head ;

Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yb ho!
And hand, reef and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

III.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye,
And Tom with the timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe :

Three lads though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,

And of duty every rig;
And their joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

IV.

Then over life's fortune I'll jog,
Let the flog or the Spaniards come on,
So but sea room I get, and a skin full of grog,
I fear neither devil nor don:

For I'm the man that's sprack and daft,
In my station amidships, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
A aft, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each hullard and jeer,
And of duty every rig,
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

EXCEPT the folks that's fast asleep,
All nature now is waking,
Aurora at the world a peep
Is in her nightcap taking :

Hark all the tory rory boys,
Making a devil of a noise,
To cure the headach of last night
The peaceable king's subjects fright,
And better skelter come apace
To enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

II.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By the pig-tail entangling,
Amidst a lovely toray bush,
Or on a tree left dangling!

Ah mussha gra than wine or love
The joy of hunting's far above ;
Can either Cupid or the bow
Such pleasures give? ah by my soul!
Briars and thorns may scratch your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

III.

Then when our mettle's at its pitch,
While tally-ho we're bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch
To be genteely sprawling :

Ah muska gra than wine or love
The joy of hunting's far above,
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasure give ! Ah by my soul !
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

IV.

Then dripping like a drowning rat,
At night you would not think it,
What glorious wine, if it were not
We're too fatigued to drink it :

Ah bold r not of love and war,
The joy of hunting's greater far ;
Hark echo, in melodious tones,
Hollas, and whistles, and sings, and groans,
While many a broken fonce and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chase.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

We bipeds, made up of frail clay,
 Alas are the children of sorrow;
 And though brisk and merry to-day,
 We all may be wretched to-morrow:

For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

II.

I grant the best blessings we know
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
 And yet, let your friend prove a foe,
 Oh haste not the dangerous pleasure:

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
 Thus riches and health are a bubble,
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

III.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth cou'd be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
To whom truth and honour are given :

But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingy,
That, with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to figh and live fingle.

IV.

It appears from these premises plain
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy :

That all those who laugh out to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
And that since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

PATRICK O'Row is my name,
 My calling's the trade of a boxer,
 I'm a devil of a fellow for fame,
 Why I'm bottom like any game cock fir :

Oh I tips 'em so tight
 Left and right,
 And to blind 'em so well I knows how ;
 To the spine of the back I am blood,
 Ah honey 'twould do your heart good
 To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

II.

I presently knocks down my men,
 Your servant, says I, pray call again,
 Then I close up their peepers, and then
 I wish you good night Mr. Galaghan.

Were alive master Slack,
 On his back
 I'd lay him as flat as he's now ;

'Tis my washing, my lodging, an' food,
 Ah honey 'twould do your heart good
 To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

III.

There's Johnson, and George, and Big Ben,
 Three bruifers that well can rally you,
 Though they thump'd the three Birmingham men,
 Says I, my lads, little I value you :

Menloza and Ward
 Can strike hard,
 And to stop and put in well know how ;
 N y they're every taef of 'em blood,
 Yet honey 'twould do them all good
 To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

IV.

Wid a handful of fellows like these
 Britania what glory I'd bring her to ;
 Let the Spaniards come on when they please,
 Devil burn me we'd teach them a ting or two :

Wid a phalanx of fists
 In our lifts,
 So nately we'd bodder their glow ;

We'd present'y try if they're blood,
Ah honey 'twould do their pride good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

v.

Come all you tight lads that would earn
True fame, in a possee gather ye,
How your country you'd serve would ye learn,
Just only come here til I lather you :

Oh I'll make you so tight
Left and right,
And each knock-me-down argument know ;
Come here then, and try if you're blood,
Devil burn me 'twill do your hearts good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGE.

Adieu, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee:

What though by duty I am call'd,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou put'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

II.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflicts heat,
Assured when on the wings of love
To heaven above, &c.

III.

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee :

I go assured, my life adieu,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

I BE one of they sailors who thinks 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why,
That be fortune's strange weather, a calm or a squall,
Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all:

That the staves and the braces of life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten and some of 'em sound,
That the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

II.

When astride on the yard, they top-lifts they let go,
And I com'd, like a shot, plump among 'em below,
Why I crotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck,
And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck:

Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,
Who leis than a rope, gladly catch at a straw;
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

III.

Why now that there cruise that we made off the banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks,
What then she soon struck, and though crippled on shore,
And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore :

At length live and looking, I tried the false main,
And to get more prize money, got shot at again :
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

IV.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood,
What's poison for one man's another man's balm,
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm :

Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souse,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-souse :
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THE sun's descending in the wave,
I go, I go, my fate to brave :
Ghosts of dead yncas now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And see if Moniaco knows to fear.

Oh sun my fire !
Lend me all thy noble fire :
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa soon shall come ;
Cover me with scars,
Nought can controul
The dauntless soul,
That shall live among its kindred stars.

II.

What it's to die ? to leave this clay,
And breathe in everlasting day,

For robes celestial shake off dust,
 Among the blest
 From care to rest,
 And emulate the virtues of the just :

Then sun, my fire,
 Lend me all thy noble fire,
 Illia Monaco, &c.

III.

Adieu ye friends, vain world adieu,
 Bliss is for me, but woe for you :
 While I, new born, shall go to find
 The upper heaven,
 You shall be driven,
 Like scattered chaff, before false fortune's wind,

Now sun, my fire,
 I feel, I see thy noble fire !
 Illia Monaco, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

I WAS the pride of all the Thames,
My name was natty Jerry,
The best of smarts and flashy dames
I've carried in my wherry :

For then no mortal soul like me
So merrily did jog it,
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,
And won the prize of Doggat :

In coat and badge, so neat and spruce,
I row'd all blithe and merry,
And every waterman did use
To call me happy Jerry.

II.

But times soon changed, I went to sea,
My w fe and friend betray'd me,
And in my absence treacherously
Some pretty frolics played me :

Return'd, I us'd them like a man,
But still 'twas so provoking,
I could not enjoy my very can,
Nor even fancy smoaking :

In tarnish'd badge, and coat so queer,
No longer blithe and merry,
Old friends now pass'd me with a sneer,
And call'd-me dismal Jerry.

III.

At sea, as with a dangerous wound,
I lay under the surgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted found
In every emergence :

Soon after my sweet friend and wife
Into this mess had brought me,
These two kind friends who sav'd my life
In my misfortunes fought me :

We're come, cried they, that once again
In coat and badge so merry,
Your kind old friends, the watermen,
May hail you happy Jerry.

17.

I'm Peggy, once your soul's desire,
To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who since that time in man's attire
Have fought you the world over :

And I, cried t'other, am that Jack
When boys you us'd so badly,
Though now the best friend to your back,
Then prithee look not sadly :

Few words are best. I seiz'd their hands,
My grateful heart grew merry,
And now in love and friendship's bands
I'm once more happy Jerry.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

BOLD Jack the sailor here I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nab,
My trowsers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib :

I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

II.

I've hearl them talk of constancy,
Of grief, and such like fun,
I've constant been to ten, cried I,
But never grieved for one :

The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend,
In every port a wife.

III.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the Straits,
A black at St. Lucie :

Thus whatfomedever course I bend,
I leads a jovial life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

IV.

Will Gaft, by Death, was ta'en aback,
I came to brink the news,
Poll whimper'd fore, but what did Jack?
Why, flood in William's shoes:

She cut, I chafed, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,
And fo she got an honeft friend,
And I a loving wife.

V.

Thus be we failors all the go,
On fortune's fea we rub,
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous lub:

Storms that the maff to fplinters rend,
Can't shake our jovial life,
In every mefs we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel give me;
Where sweet is the flower that the May-bush adorns,
And how charming to gather it but for the thorns:

Where we walk o'er the mountains, with health our
cheeks glowing,
As warm as a toast honey when it 'ent snowing,
Where nature to smile when she joyful inclines,
And the sun charms us all the year round when it shines:

Oh the mountains, and vallies, and bushes,
The pigs and the screech-owls, and thrushes,
Let bloods and let bucks to praise London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me!

II.

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling delight,
As patient as Jobs, though we get ne'er a bite,
There we hop at the wild ducks, and frighten the crows,
While so lovely the icicles hang to our cloaths;

There wid aunts, and wid cousins, and grandmothers
talking,

We're caught in the rain as we're out a walking,
While the muffs and gauzes cling round each fair she,
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the sea.

Oh the mountains, &c.

III.

Then how sweet in the dog days to take the fresh air,
Where, to save you expence, the dust powders your hair :
Thus pleasures, like snow-balls, encrease as they roll,
And tire you to death—not forgetting the bowl :

Where in mirth and goodfellowship always delighting,
We agree, that is, when we're not squabbling and fighting,
Den wid toasts an' pint bumpers we bodder the head,
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.

Oh the mountains, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

HARK the din of distant war,
How noble is the clangor,
Pale death ascend his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger:

A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel:
Perhaps, on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps, return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

II.

How many who, disclaiming fear,
Rush on the desperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty?
A doubtful fate, &c.

III.

What nobler fate can fortune give ?

Renown shall tell our story,

If we should fall, but if we live,

We live our country's glory.

'Tis true a doubtful fate, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

If the beauty of truth unadorn'd is seen best,
The man that is drunk of fair truth is the test ;
For liquor man's natural temper assumes,
While every thing artful flies off with the fumes :

The vizor of life is pull'd off by the bowl,
And the face of a drunkard exhibits his soul :
Then beware all who are in rascality sunk,
You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

II.

If contempt of all danger true courage e'er gave,
 The man that is drunk as a lion is brave :
 For, like any Caesar he'll riot and storm,
 And talk of great feats he's too weak to perform :

He'll utter big oaths, know not what to be at,
 Thump his head with his fist, but there's nothing in that ;
 Then beware briggadocias, in cowardice funk—
 You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

III.

If strong ipse dixit true wisdom implies,
 The man that is drunk is like Solomon wise ;
 For of cocks and of bulls he'll tell many a tale,
 And swear to be truth of 'em rather than fail :

He'll reconcile opposites, prove false is true,
 Vouch he does know what of he does not know who ;
 Then beware a' ye varlets in fallity funk,
 You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

IV.

Come on, let us drink then, right conscious the bowl,
 In each rosy cheek though it light up the soul,
 Can nothing of wordly deformity show,
 Nor prove that we ought but with honesty glow :

'Tis the ordeal of truth, and of generous delight,
Which, to keep us all honest we'll try every night,
Proving still by our acts in no meaned — ere funk,
But true honest friends whether sober or drunk.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfur'd was every flowing sail,
From toil released, when Dick of Dover,
Went with his messmates to regale :

All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
Drown care then in the smiling can,
Come bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give you buxom Nan.

II.

She's none of those that's always giggling,
And stem and stern made up of art :
One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever slight a constant heart :

With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

III.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
To see him stare when he came back,
The girls were all off of the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :

Tant mastled all, to see who's tallest,
Breastworks, top gant-sails, and a fan,
Mellmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,
Ah still give me my buxom Nan.

IV.

None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To shew her love, or serve a friend,
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word then, and there's an end :

Of all the wenches whatfomedever,
I say then find me out who can
One half so tight, so kind so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat as buxom Nan.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature,
Good, and sweet, and kind, and fair,
Than man a higher stile of creature,
Perfect as celestials are:

See Myra come, like stately Juno,
Ever fair, and ever young,
Completely like, as I and you know,
For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue

II.

Young Celia's charms that beam so sweetly,
To paint ah what can words avail,
She's Venus' self, and so completely,
That Celia is, like Venus, frail:

To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would stand afraid ;
She chaste and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.

III.

Thus women boast a near relation,
'Tis plain to the celestial race,
Thus we of their divine creation
A family resemblance trace :

If then some faults of this complexion,
Like spots upon that sun, their fame,
Rust this same model of perfection,
The stars, not women, are to blame.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop.
Thus one another overhaul'd
And took a cheering drop :

I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your fort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port ?

II.

Cried Jack, you lubber, don't you know ?
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief :

These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't that's your fort ;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower
Shall bring you up in port.

III.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,
Tom cried out blunt and rough,
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough :

Who swabs his bows at other's woe,
That tar's for me your fort,
His vessel right a-head shall go
To find a joyful port.

IV.

Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes makes me reel,
Who, dam'nd, what's my own distress ?
For others let me feel :

Av, av, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, this is your fort,
A lurcher's the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

I'm dashing Dick the dustman,
None my calling can degrade,
For I am not the first man
Who has driv'n a dirty trade :

Dust ho! dust ho! I rings my bell and cries,
My tricks, if you would find 'em,
Pretty early you must rise,
For watch me still,
Howe'er you will,
I bears off many a prize,
And when I wants to blind 'em,
I throws dust in their eyes.

II.

Why what's your man of honour?
And what's your madam fame?
A jilt when he has won her,
That proves a dirty name :

Victory! victory! each draws his sword and cries,
In the midst of slaughter find him,

See where the savage flies,
He spares no life,
No friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize,
Till death, at last, to blind him,
Throws dust in his eyes.

III.

The lawyer, the physician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine :

Fees ho ! fees ho ! each draws his purse and cries,
Their conscience can't bind 'em,
The wretched patient dies,
All prayers fail,
While in a jail
The ruin'd client lies,
Unless you throw to blind 'em
Gold dust in their eyes.

IV.

And so, d'ye see, men bustle,
To see who's dirty first,
And one another hustle,
And all to raise the dust :

Dust ho! dust ho! each draws his purse and cries,
And he, Old Nick, behind him,
Will take, to mount up tries,
All scrambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away some prize,
And each throws dust to blind him
Plump in his neighbours eyes.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

If bold and brave thou can'st not bear,
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invade thy soul,
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I prithee meffmate ftay afhore :

There, like a lubber,
While and while'er,
Still for thy eafe and fafety bufy,

Nor dare to come,
 Where honest Tom,
 And Ned, and Nick,
 And Ben and Phil,
 And Jack, and Dick,
 And Bob, and Bill,
 All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

II.

If, should'st thou lose a limb in fight,
 She who made up thy heart's delight,
 Poor recompence that thou art kind,
 Shall prove inconstant as the wind,
 If such hard fortune thou'lt deplore,
 I prithee messmate stay ashore :

There like a lubber, &c.

III.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
 No friend, no money at command,
 That man thou trustedst ha'st alone
 All knowledge of thee should d'sown;
 If this should vex thee to the core,
 I prithee messmate stay ashore.

There like a lubber, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WHY don't you know me by my scars ?
 I'm soldier Dick come from the wars ;
 Where many a head without a hat
 Crowds honour's bed—but what of that ?

Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
 What argues who stands or falls ;
 Lord what should one be sorry for ?
 Life's but the fortune of the war :
 Then rich or poor, or well, or ill,
 Still laugh and sing shall soldier Dick.

11.

I used to look two ways at once,
 A bullet hit me on the fence,
 And down'd my eye, d'ye think I'd wince ?
 Why lord I've never squinted since.

Beat drums, &c.

III.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms,
While others die safe in their beds
Who all their lives had wooden heads.

Beat drums, &c.

IV.

Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot :
That we're to die then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.

Beat drums, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

AVERT yon omen, gracious heaven,
 The ugly feud,
 By rising winds resistless driven,
 Kisses the flood.

How hard the lot for sailors cast,
 That they should roam
 For years, to perish thus at last
 In sight of home!

For if the coming gale we mourn,
 A tempest grows,
 Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
 That down she goes!

II.

The tempest comes, while meteors red
 Portentous fly;
 And now we touch old ocean's bed,
 Now reach the sky!

On fable wings, in gloomy flight,
Friends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate :

Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
Should interpose,
She labours so within this hour
Down she goes.

III.

But see, on rosy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Re'uant beams the forr'wing morn,
With us to weep :

D ceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
Dreadful to think,
The morn is ris'n, in endless night,
Our hopes to sink !

She splits ! she parts !—through sluices driven,
The water flows ;
Adieu ye friends, have mercy heaven !
For down she goes !

BALLAD.

IN THE WIGS.

Good people attend to my lay,
I sing of a late inundation,
That had like to have carried away
All the wigs and long robes in the nation :

While thinking of no harm at all,
But a few wretched people's undoing,
Father Thames enter'd Westminster Hall,
Threatening all law and justice with ruin.

But let not their terrors these lawyers confound,
The old proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.

II.

Of the fright, universal it spread,
Conception can ne'er form a notion,
Wigs bristled upright on each head,
And counsellors stood without motion :

The tide that for no man will stay,
While the clamour grew louder and louder,

From every tie-wig wash'd away,
Common sense, with the curls and the powder :
But why thus should water these lawyers confound,
When the proverb decrees they can never be drown'd?

III.

Cries one they're found out in their tricks,
No wonder they put such despair on,
They fancy the Thames is the Styx,
And each old crazy waterman Charon :

That they'll soon before Minos be brought,
Where nought avails twisting and turning,
And where they'd, in this case, be taught,
That drowning's an alias for burning :

Yet at no rate should water these lawyers confound,
They may burn to be sure, but they cannot be drown'd.

IV.

And now by the current press'd hard,
Each scrambles to enter some boat in,
While scatter'd all o'er Palace Yard,
Wigs, briefs, and long robes are seen floating ;

In this chaos of justice, thieves, clerks,
Jews, counsel the boats are all trimming,

While a sailor cries dam'ne, these sharks
Are your finest of fishes for swimming :

Then why should their terrors these lawyers confound,
When, whatever awaits them, they cannot be drown'd ?

V.

At length safe arrived from the storm,
Without fate or fortune once thanking,
They swore that the city, next term,
They'd indite for the Thames not embanking :

That the wind that blew no-body good,
Was a villain—one thus parted these brothers,
And, themselves scarce escaped from the flood,
Went home to blow mischief for others :

And furnish a laugh for the public all round,
That they should fear water who cannot be drown'd.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

ONE Negro, wi my banjer,
 Me from Jenny come,
 Wid cunning yiei
 Me savez spy
 De buckra world one hum,
 As troo a street a stranger
 Me my banjer strum :

My missy for one black dog about the house me kick,
 Him say, my naffy tawny face enough to make him sick,
 But when my massa he go out, she then no longer rail,
 For first me let the captain in, and then me tell no tale :

So aunt Quashy say,
 Do tabby. brown, or black, or white,
 You see um in one night,
 Every sort of cat be gray.

One Negro, &c.

To fetch a lilly money back, you go to law they call,
 The court and all the tie-wig soon strip you shirt and a'll:

The courtier call him friend and foe,
And fifty story tell,
To-day say yes, to-morrow no,
And lie like any hell :
And so though Negro black for true,
He black in buckra country too.

One Negro, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

BARDS call themselves a heav'nly race,
Toppers find heaven in wine,
We truly boast, who love the chase,
An origin divine.

The deities all hunters are :
Great Jove, who spends his life
In hunting of the willing fair,
Is hunted by his wife.

Then come and wake the drowsy morn,
While the swift game we follow ;

The feather'd throng and tuneful horn
Shall join the hunter's hollow.

II.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack,
Toasts for view hollows gives,
While Mercury, with his Bow-street pack,
Scours heav'n to hunt for thieves :

Bold Mars, a blood hound, hunts for fame,
Nor till its latest breath,
Will he e'er leave the panting game,
But comes in at the death.

Then come, &c.

III.

Diana in her sacred grove
Saw rath Aëdon near,
And though she seem'd to scorn his love,
She took him for her deer :

Yet vex'd to think this hint so fly
On the fool she could not pass,
From his own hounds she made him fly,
And kill'd him for an ass.

Then come, &c.

Great Juno, wretched, restless fair,
On jealous fury bent,
Still in full cry is hunting care,
And still on a wrong scent :

Indeed the fair oft mount their nag,
By the hunting mania struck,
And if Aëteon was a flag,
Poor Vulcan was a buck.

Then come, &c.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

WHILE whim, and glee, and jest, and song,
Display their charming treasure,
Mingling in gay laughter's throng,
Come to the camp of pleasure.

All human beings have their cares,
Life's made of joy and sorrow ;

To balance life then our affairs
Should of our pleasures borrow :

Youth's joy's season, so is age,
Each temper, sex, complexion,
In mirth may harmlessly engage,
As well as in reflection.

While whim, &c.

II.

You who proudly roll in wealth,
You whose means are slender,
You whose lungs proclaim your health,
You whose frames are tender :

You who wear grave wisdom's wigs,
You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grigs,
You who are melancholy :—

While whim, &c.

III.

Where's mongst them all the cynic elf,
Of joy the open scorner,
But doff'd the sage, and to himself
Took pleasure in a corner ?

In short who sets up to despise
Those joys the mirth awaken,
I will not rudely say he lies,
But surely he's mistaken.

While whim, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

SINCE by cutting of trotes all our glories increase,
Of war let us sing, because why it brings peace :
Of hacking and heaving, in front and in rear,
Of some kilt by the sword, and somey dying through fear.

Death alive ! what sweet slaught'ring and cutting, and scars !
Is it honour you'd seek, won't you go to the wars ?
Where death his long scythe bathes in gore to the hilt,
And whips heads from shoulders so clever,
And where should you have the good luck to be kilt,
By my soul you'll be living for ever !

II.

The army's drawn out, the confusion's begun,
While our arms shine so bright that they dazzle the sun,
Oh the glorious fight ! but the best of the joke,
The devil a soul are we feeling but smock.

Death alive, &c.

III.

Like Will o' th' Wisp, while our bosoms it fires,
See glory lead on over bushes and briars ;
Pais, begone, hiccius doxius, just like cup and ball,
Now 'tis here, and now there, and now no where at all.

Death alive, &c.

IV.

That war is delightful then who can deny,
To be living for ever, ah who would not die ?
Your fame's up from the moment it puts you to bed,
And you grow a great man by the loss of your head !

Death alive, &c.

BALLAD.

IN TWO WAGS.

To be sure
I'm not a connoisseur,
Arrah will you now be easy:
I don't the op'ra know at all,
And then I have not heard them squall,
From Mingotti to Marchesi!
Wid dere con amore,
Dere il mio cuore,
Dere amorosi,
Dere tormentosi,
Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Costante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella
Sorella,
The m'glie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famiglia:
The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres;

And as they sigh,
 And pant, and die,
 He joins the roar,
 And cries out bravo and encore.

There was silver Lovatini,
 And graceful Zamparini,
 That bawling taef Morigi,
 Who turn'd monkey to oblige ye ;
 The mellow Scotti,
 The tender Pachierotti,
 Manzoli, Guarducci,
 Peretti, Tenducci,
 And then, O cara,
 The wonderful and surprising Madam Mira !
 Who pretty well have sack'd the pence,
 And sold the Englitch sound for sense.

To be sure
 I'm not a connoisseur,
 Arrah will you now be aefy ;
 I don't the op'ra know at a'il,
 And then I have not heard them squall,
 From Mingotti to Marchesi !
 With dere con amore,
 Dere il mio cuore,
 Dere amorosa,
 Dere tormentosa,

Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Costante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella,
Sorella,
The moglie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famigliaio :

The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres !
And as they go on with their dolce amare,
Their dolce cantare,
Viva l'amore !
Their trombetti sonate
Canoni separate,
Lara lar a la,
Boo, boo, boo,
Astonish'd John Bull cries out bravo ! encore !
And swears all English music's a vile bore.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THE tars a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and steer,
That can nimbly cast off and belay,
Who in darkest of nights finds each halliard and jeer,
And dead reck'ning knows well and lee way :

But the tar to please me,
More jolly must be,
He must laugh at the waves as they roar;
He must rattle,
And in battie
Brave danger and dying,
Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more :
Singing, quaffing,
Dancing laughing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily,
And all for the sake of his girl ashore.

II.

The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will spend,
Who up for a m flimate will bring,

For we sailors all think he that's true to his friend
Will never be false to his king,

But the tar to please me,
More jolly must be,
He must venture for money galore ;
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,
A prudent one more ;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily,
And save up his cash for his girl ashore.

III.

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at sea often thinks of her charms,
Who toasts her with glee on a Saturday night,
And wishes her moor'd in his arms :

But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
Though teaz'd at each port by a score,
He must, sneering
At their leering,

Never study to delight 'em,
 But scorn 'em, and slight 'em,
 Still true to the core ;
 Singing, laughing,
 Dancing, quaffing,
 Take it cherrily,
 And merrily,
 And constant return to his girl ashore.



BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

SHENKIN was born in Glamorganshire,
 Odds will her poor heart runs all upon Winny,
 And her't kifs, and her't luff, and her't call her her dear
 And make her cry Shenkin the tiffle is in you.

Her breath is as sweet as a leek, or a coat's,
 Her's like a plue mountain, so taper and thin,
 Aif her putter and seece would but yield her ten croats,
 To-morrow should see Shenkin married to Win.

II.

When the curate at eve on the crowty playt,
 On te cheys of her heart, Shenkin danced with his
 Winny,
 And hur lufft and telighted so in the teer maid,
 That she patting hur, cried out the tiffle is in you.
 You skip like the kits, and you pout like the coats,
 To mollify sure enough I shall bekin,
 Aif your putter and feece wou'd but yield you ten croats,
 To-morrow should see Shenkin married to Win.

III.

Ah if her coot urship, great Squire Ap Shones,
 Cou'd see how her's creefing, as sure as a kinny,
 His povelts would yearn with her crunts and her croans,
 Ah no he'd himself fall in love with sweet Winny.
 Thus Shenkin complain'd, as he drove home his goats,
 While the squire and his comrades from hunting came in,
 He heard the fond tale, kindly paid the ten groats,
 And the next morning saw Shenkin married to Win.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

FAR remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews :

How art shall shape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

II.

Perhaps, now fill'd by this bold man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig ;

The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else quack's, perhaps, the flocks,
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

III.

Thou mak'st bold peasant, oh what grief,
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobbler's stall :

Thou pamper'st life in every stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

IV.

Yet justice let us still afford,
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's firoke :

He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itself, where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

TIME was, for oh there was a time,
Sweet Phœbe by my side,
The softest verse I sung in rhyme,
Where falling pools do glide :

But, Phœbe hence, I'm left alone,
Nor verse nor rhyme can please,
And pools stand still to see me moan,
In whispers through the trees.

II.

The pride of laughing nature stood
In fertile heaths confessed,
When birds, in yon impervious wood,
With Phœbe saw me blest.

But laughing nature's now in tears,
The heaths begin to mourn.
Birds hoot in my melodious ears,
For Phœbe's glad return.

III.

To shun fierce sol's meridian heat,
Upon yon verdant green,
How oft, at close of eve, I'd meet
Sweet Phœbe, beauty's queen :

But, lost the sun shine of her charms,
The verdant green's all brown,
And I, with nothing in my arms,
Lie hard on beds of down.

IV.

Then come sweet fair, and leave behind
All sorrow, pain, and woe,
The birds shall smile, and the north wind
Like Boreas gently blow :

So shall the daisy-mantling green,
The cowslip-studded brook,
In sable robes all crimson seen,
Reflect each azure look.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

HAVE you heard, my good neighbours, the wonder-
ful news,

How the French are no longer to wear wooden shoes?

How the nobles their titles agree to forget?

And with cobbler and prince 'tis hey fellow well met!

Sing kick down distinction, kick off wooden shoes,

Sing brotherly love between Christians and Jews,

Oh rare, O rare!

Yea and nay, thee and thou,

Is now

All the rage,

The year ninety's the date of the true golden age,

Let every French friseur then die in despair,

For freedom's the word, and a straight head of hair.

II.

The stage for this play, I had almost said farce,

Was of all other places the Grand Field of Mars,

They erected their castle of liberty there,

Where Mongolfier went up in his castle of air.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

III.

So substantial's become what was formerly froth,
That they who could never be trusted on oath,
Are now, to the wonder of each other nation,
Like Quakers believed on their bare affirmation.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

IV.

Such virtue as this to the world must be dear,
But woe to us all if it once should come here ;
It transforms, the most dresty to so many Quakers;
And makes even lords pay their butchers and bakers.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

V.

Adieu ye fair dames to cards, scandal, and tea,
Adieu Scotch and Welchmen to proud pedigree,
Madam Virtue is coming to lead vice a dance,
And all follow fashions imported from France.

Sink kick nown distinction, &c.

VI.

Ye men of the robe your sad fortune deplore,
Burn your wigs, for your foul occupation's no more ;
Fair truth in each action shall find out a flaw,
And justice, turned counsel, shall supersede law.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

VII.

Then publish the tidings through Fame's mighty rolls,
In England and Lapland, and under the Poles,
For men are turn'd angels, and brutes are turn'd men,
And Eden, not Chaos, is come back again.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

So sweet I'll dress my Zootka fair,
Such pretty toys her charms shall deck,
The nails of foes shall grace her hair,
Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck:

A hut I'll build her of catalps,
And sweetly hang it round with scalps,
And as we frantick skip and sing,
And join to form the mystic ring,

And fymbals twang,
 And tymbals bang,
 And jump and prance,
 And frisk in wedlock's devious dance,
 We'll drink and yam,
 And make the banjer cry giam, giam.

II.

The rose let Europe's beauties boast,
 Asia the saffron's sickly die,
 Let Ebon wives grace Afric's coast :—
 Can these with lovely Zootka vie ?

Her olive cheek the gloss outshines,
 That decorates the copper mines—
 Come then and frantic, &c.

III.

Some shave their eyebrows for the fair,
 Others for love pull out their teeth,
 Some by the roots tear up their hair,
 To form a pretty marriage wreath :

My loving fist at Zootka's nose
 Shall aim a hundred tender blows,
 And as they frantic, &c.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

In peace, when sprightly drum and fife
Quick marches sweetly play,
Then charming is the soldier's life,
To lounge it all the day :

How different the trade is
From war's destructive call,
He ogles all the ladies,
And dances at the ball.

The fash so sweet a zone is,
So powerful are its charms,
That Mars become Adonis,
Reclines in Venus' arms.

No more upon the dangerous plain,
Death grimly stalks abroad,
No more
The gasping and unpitied slain,
Weltering in gore,
For unavailing help implore :

Their spirits issue with a groan,
 Their eyes are closed in endless night,
 Beholders are with horror aw'd,
 And dread a fate, sad fate of woe,
 That soon may be their own.

No time for pity now!—the fight
 Grows hot,
 The trumpet sounds a charge,
 Soldiers and steels with ardour glow,
 Stern carnage takes the field,
 And traverses his boundaries long and large:
 The word is die or yield,
 And mercy is forgot:—

Such is the dreadful ardour of the war;
 Yet different far
 When all these horrors cease,
 And soldiers taste the joys of smiling peace:

Sweet peace, &c.

The well pack'd column, like a rock,
 While they the war sustain,
 Greatly receive an army's flock,
 The glorious terror of the plain:
 Advancing near,
 The foe is struck aghast,

The panac spreads,
 Pale fear
 Gains on 'em fast ;
 To order's post confusion now succeeds,
 And now the front becomes the rear ;
 All resolution's gone,
 While wan despair,
 Turn'd gen'ral, to destruction leads 'em on :
 They fly,
 Follow the victors cry,
 War's dreadful tempest comes,
 Trumpets and drums,
 Shouts, groans, and thund'ring cannons rend
 the sky !

The banners flutt'ring late in air,
 Now from the bearers grasp are torn,
 And on the spear
 Of victory borne :—

The stroke's decisive !—glutted war,
 Descending from his sanguine car,
 Tired soldiers from their post release,
 To taste the joys of smiling peace.

Sweet peace, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THEY tell me I'm mad—that to cells and straw bedding
In my crack-brain'd condition 'twere fittest to hie;
Thus stand'rous reports at each minute are spreading:
In this world there are thousands far madder than I!

I'd a friend I betray'd, and a mistress I slighted,
I had power, and I made my dependants my tools;
In the misery of others I daily delighted;
And this they call madness—poor ignorant fools!

Why vices like these are but common disasters,
Decreed to try patience, by wise nature's law;
Come join then the throng, 'tis a mad world my masters,
On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

II.

For the loaves and the fishes eternally craving,
Now blessing their stars, now arraigning their fate,
Now fawning, now threatening, now fighting, now raving,
What but madmen inhabit that bedlam the state?

At two to high change but transport a mere stranger,
Where to cunning superior the subtle Jew yields,
Where always, though safe, the poor nation's in danger,
He would instantly ask if it was not Moorfields.

Is it madness to say then that these are the castors,
On which the earth rowls by immutable law?
Come on, join the throng, 'tis a mad world my masters,
On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

III.

See that miser who deaf to the soft calls of nature,
And flint to the core, will unkindly refuse,
Though the trifle were life to a poor fellow creature,
To broach that vile hoard he wants spirit to use:

Not griev'd for his soul, but his cash, see him dying,
And then see his heir at hilarity's board,
The curmudgeon lies safe, while his guineas are flying,
For spendrifts to lavish, and misers to hoard.

Why vices like these, &c.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

JACK dances and sings, and is always content,
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her,
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—
And this is the life of a failor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where winds the tir'd vessel are flinging,
Though sunk to the sea gods, or tofs'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing:

Long side of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her,
Yet he'll fight to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a failor.

Let cannons roar loud, bursts their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle:

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust,
 As fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her,
 Resign'd, still, and manly, since what must be must,
 And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
 And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
 Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
 And prove the most constant of lovers:

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
 Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
 He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,
 And this is a true English sailor.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

BLEST Friendship hail! thy gifts possessing,
 That happy mortal's rich indeed:
 Thou willing giv'st each earthly blessing
 To all but those who stand in need:

Thy words are sweet as Hybla's honey,
In accents kind, and mild, and civil,
Flows thy advice :—thou giv'st not money,
For money is the very devil :

And rather than the foul temptation
Should into scrapes thy friend betray,
Disint'rested consideration,
Thou kindly tak'st it all away.

II.

Are his affairs at rack and manger,
Lest a bad world thy friend should chouse,
No time for thee to play the stranger,
Thou deign'st to manage all his house :

To make him thy good pleasure tarry,
To kiss thy feet, to leap o'er sticks,
To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry,
And play a thousand monkey tricks.

Nay, if thy liquorish chops should water,
To ease him of domestic strife,
Thou rid'st him of a flirting daughter,
Or, kinder still, thou steal'st his wife.

III.

Come then, my friend, prevent my pleasure,
And out of doors politeness kick,
With me and mine pray keep no measure,
Drench me with bumpers, make me sick :

My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,
Upon my vitals dine and sup :
Come on thou kind, thou friendly glutton,
Kill, barbecue, and eat me up.

Then, to the last a friend, desert me,
That wise by dear experience grown,
And having no kind friend to hurt me,
I may, at last, become my own.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WHAT song shall I chant? while I sing Venus sparrows,
Her cestus, her dove,
Shall I hold forth on love ?
Source of so many blessings and ills,
On which so many Cupids have blunted their arrows,
And so many poets their quills !

All its pains and its pleasures, its mischiefs and joys,
 Have been sung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and vain boys,
 Not a single new thought the Pierian spring
 On love can inspire :—nor of love will I sing.

II.

While I celebrate uproar, and bottles and glasses,
 That fools think divine,
 Shall my song be on wine?
 Source of so many surfeits and feasts,
 Where so many toppers have tossed their lasses,
 And so many men become beasts!
 Let those describe wine who can drink till they reel,
 'Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel;
 How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from
 health's spring,
 Find words the delight of a drunkard to sing?

III.

While I celebrate men who all comfort and pleasure
 Leave at home for a name,
 Shall I descant on fame?
 Source of so many murders and woes,
 Where so many heroes have plunder'd for treasure,
 And so many friends become foes!

A stranger to battles, and all their delight,
Fond of peace and its joys, I can't shudder and write:
The best plume that e'er hero bore off from Fame's wing
Should not tempt me a scene of such horror to sing.

IV.

What shall be my song? Shall I celebrate riches?
Whose grasp can combine
Love, glory, and wine!
Source of each mortal man's rise and fall:
That thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches!
A nothing that comprehends all!

Be the theme of these of others, they cannot be mine:—
Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
Till war shall sweet peace, and gold charity bring,
Reason smiles, and forbids me such folly to sing.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

BUT, perhaps, while thus boldly exposing each elf,
 A dupe to passion, or folly, or pelf,
 I the critic severest become of myself,
 Presuming to hope for your favours—

What is it to me who sings great, or sings small,
 Or whether knave first every knave likes to call,
 Or whose roguish, or honest—Lord nothing at all,
 But to eke out the crotchets and quavers.

II.

Advice from a lawver, a smile from his grace,
 From a hypocrite treachery, with a smooth face,
 From a bishop a blessing, a gamester ames ace,
 The public receive for their favours:

Thus in their vocation all earnestly join,
 For what should a man circulate but his own coin?
 Let us humbly entreat then you'll not refuse mine,
 Though compos'd but of crotchets and quavers.

III.

Every piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art,
Sterling gratitude still will be found in each part,
The lively impression was made on my heart,
For what less can purchase your favours ?

Thus I fearless submit to pass through your mint,
When assay'd, should you find there's no counterfeit in't,
The stamp of your kind approbation imprint,
To pass current my crotchets and quavers.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so lightly,
As honest Bill B bairn, so kind and so true ;
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecabin's pride, and delight of the crew !

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, though his fortune was kind without end ;
For money, dined Bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a friend.

II.

Ther'e Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
 First plund'ring, then leaving, the ship like a rat,
 The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
 And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.

My bark, through hard storms on life's ocean should
 rock her,
 Though the roll in misfortune, and 'pitch end for end,
 No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
 When by handing it out, he can succour a friend,

III.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spight of
 ' their crosses,
 ' And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
 ' That sailors, at sea, earn their money like horses,
 ' To squander it idly like asses ashore.'

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they mea-
 sure,
 By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
 That gives birth in us tars to that track of pleasure,
 The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

IV.

Why what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.

The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

RONDEAU.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BEAUTY I sell, who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Roses and lilies girls, here am I:
Neither black, brown, nor fair, shall have cause for
complaint,
They shall look like angels, and all without paint:
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Here am I.

Come maids and be beautiful, easy's the task,
Use the rouge newly taken from modesty's mask ;
As it blooms shall fair truth shew your heart in the flush,
And duty's enamel shall polish the blush,
For duty gives charms that will last all your lives :
None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.

Beauty I sell, &c.

Now's your time, all ye wives, would ye beautiful grow,
Draw some drops from content's lucid fount as they flow ;
Take the mildness of love, throw away all the art,
Mix these in endearment's alembic, the heart,
Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil,
Then add nature's best gloss, a perpetual smile.

Beauty I sell, &c.

Come round me, I've wares for maid, widow, and wife :
This essence of truth to the eyes gives a life,
This tincture of sweetness shall lilies disclose,
And from this, virtue's balm, shall spring beauty's
 best rose ;
Then while art's in fashion, how can you refuse,
That which nature and reason permit you to use ?

Beauty I sell, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

To the plain, to the plain, hark ! hark we are summon'd
away ;

The birds with new notes thrill the heart through the
car ;

Trees and flow'rs fresh liv'ry have put on to-day,
And the sun with new glory begins his career !

Some splendid occasion Arcadia invites

To the court of its love'd, its illustrious lord,

Where, while pleasures and sports blend their various
delights,

Plenty empties her well-loaded horn on the board,

What, what can it mean ?

For our hearts' king and queen

May just fate thus each day some new pleasures pre-
pare :

The sports now begun!

'Tis the nuptials propitious of **F**red'rick their son,
And the song, and the dance, and the clarion so loud,
And those acclamations we hear from the crowd,
'All hail the royal pair.'

II.

Now louder it grows! 'tis the bridegroom and bride;
What loyalty rent the glad air as it rung,
He a Mars in his car, Venus she, by his side;
He a hero, and she from a hero's race sprung.

Venus here finds her court; three sweet Graces are
seen,
Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her
dove,
The fair stranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen,
Each a sister in beauty, a sister in love:

And see the glad throng,
For the dance and the song
With eager respectful affection prepare!
The sports are begun,
George sanctions the nuptials of Frederick his son,
While the song, &c.

III.

Again a loud burst! What new shouts rent the air?
 A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives!
 While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,
 Each alike imparts transport, and transport receives.

Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow,
 Pure, unmix'd from the conjugal fount whence they
 spring :
 The first title of human perfection we know
 Is the parent whose virtues illustrate the king.

And see the glad throng,
 For the dance and the song
 With eager respectful attention prepare!
 The sports are begun,
 George sanctions the nuptials of Frederick his son :
 While the song, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I THAT ONCE WAS A PLOUGHMAN, A SAILOR AM NOW,
No lark that, aloft in the sky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough
Was so gay or so careless as I :

But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ship,
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
And he talk'd of such things,
As if sailors were kings,
And so teizing did keep,
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep :
No longer the horn
Call me up in the morn,
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

II.

I did not much like for to be aboard a-ship ;
When in danger there's no door to creep out :
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and slip,
But I did not like rocking about :

By and by comes a hurricane, I did not like that:
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat:
Ah, cried I, who would roam
That like me had a home?
Where I'd sow, and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
Where sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the carfido and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

III.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found, by a friend, whom I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away:

Ah who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame,
Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name;
Ah why did I roam,
When so happy at home,
I could sow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
When so sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn:
Curse light upon the carfido and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a shake by the fist, ail your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife safe at home!

Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin:
Now cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep:
Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind,

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE peasant in his humble cot,
The Ethiope on the sandy Nile,
The mole-like Laplander, whose grot
Boasts little genial nature's smile :

These, blest with virtue, are not poor ;
Her cheering voice such thrilling comfort brings,
It throws around the thatch obscure
A joy that shames the palaces of kings.

II.

Oh virtue, sorrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind heaven sent,
That tear'st away the thorn of grief,
And plant'st instead the rose content !—

Thy smallest spark such lustre owns,
With it such truth and dignity it brings,
It throws obscurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings !

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHY good people all, at what do you pry ?
Is't the stump of my arm, or my leg ?
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye ?
Or is it to see me beg ?

Lord love you hard fortune is nothing at all,
And he's but a fool and a dunce
Who expects, when he's running full butt 'gainst a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the sconce.

If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three ;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

II.

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day ;
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay ?

I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by,
Till they swiv'led three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,
Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye :

Well what of all this, I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lay up was free,
Where my pipe I could smoak, talk of battles and
storins,
And blefs his good majesty's charity.

III.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolic was warm,
In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm :

With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself sure,
But such is the fortune of war,
As a lobster at Greenwich they shew'd me the door,
At Chelsea they call'd me a tar :—

So falling to nothing between those two floo's,
I, the whole world before me, was free
To ask comfort from misers, and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity.

And what now of all this here patter at last,
How many who hold their heads high,
And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I!

The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure,
For a smile beg your amorous elves,
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for the
poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves :

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of man-
kind,
As by daily experience we see ;
And, as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there is some charity.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SWEET sung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When on as sweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
Anna and I were sworn.

Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,
The vacant joy encreas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
To join the marriage feast.

But sweeter sang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the silver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love!

II.

The lark's sweet morning song of joy
Is known by that content,
A lovely girl and blooming boy,
Are given us to cement:

The thrush still merrily at noon,
In varied cadence sings,
When smiling fortune oft some boon,
To cheer our labour, brings :

Nor, time far distant, shall we grieve,
Though blessing now and blest,
When Philomel, at nature's eve,
Shall lull us into rest.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DEAR John prithee tell me, cried Ruth,
To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
Dost not think, in good sooth,
I should swear but the truth
Did I swear what I am going to say ?

That wedlocks's a fate,
In good humour, that fate
Contriv'd to bless woman and man,

And that Giles here's an afs,
Who fuch fortune lets pafs?
All fhould marry as foon as they can.

II.

Why Goody, cried Gubbins, you know
My thoughts of the thing 'fore to day,
Nor, as I fhall fhew,
Need one many miles go
To prove what I am going to fay.

Did wives ever fcold,
Were they ugly, or old,
A fpoufe were a miserable man:
But fmooth is their tongue,
They're all comely and young!
Giles get married as foon as you can.

II.

If one's children one wifh'd in their grave,
Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls fafhion's flaves,
Thy boys puppies and knaves,
One then might have fomething to fay;

But brats are no evil,
They ne'er play the devil,
Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran,
Then since, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with smiles,
Get married as soon as you can.

IV.

Cried Ruth, will you let your tongue run ?
Here you scurvy old villain I rule !
Rogues there are, said the son,
But, old Quiz, am I one ?
Cried the daughter, my father's a fool !

Don't you see, Gubbins cried,
I've the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever blest man !
Giles would you be driven,
To bedlam or heaven, *
Get married as soon as you can !

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WON'T you hail the leap year, by that am'rous rogue
 Janus,
 Once in every four times consecrated to Vanus?
 Oh the fine lovely season for frolic and sporting,
 When the men are made love to, and girls go a courting!

Then come round me dear creatures, and frolic and fisk it,
 And dance it, and whisk it,
 Sing sinallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat,
 (To be sure dere won't be some fine fun and gig going
 forward i)
 Faith and conscience and you may say dat.

II.

Mister Vanus come put on maculine air,
 Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars, lie and
 swear;
 Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz,
 Cries Miss Mars, do you love me? I do, damme, whiz!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing sinallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure dere won't be fine fighting and dying—ah
faith and lying too!)
Fait and confience and you may say dat.

III.

Rich young ladies of fixty, new born to love's joys,
Shall hobble and mumble their courtship to boys;
Girls shall court from the shiners of old men assistance,
With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the distance!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing sinallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure they won't make the best use of their time
honey!)
Fait and confience and you may say dat.

IV.

Mrs Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp,
And the tall Lady Gawky shall court my Lord Shrimp,
Mrs Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall man,
And the rich Widow Mite court a big Irish jolman.

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk
it ;

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !

(To be sure the little devils won't ogle as if they had
not an hour to live!)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

v.

Miss Champanfy, whose monkey has so many charms,

Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the arms ;

To court Mister Sciatic Miss Spasm shall hop,

And Miss Cheveux-de-frize shall address Mr. Crop.

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !

(To be sure the bold little devils won't put the fellow^s
in a fine flutteration!)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

vi.

Thus you have nothing to do jolman all but sit still,

And fait every Jack will soon find out a Jill ;

Come on ye bold devils, swear, lie, and make speeches,

'Tis leap year, and the petticoats govern the breeches !

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk
it,

And dance it, and frisk it,

Sing sinallilow, batheshin, ah arroe Pat;

(Ah the dear creatures! to be sure they won't cut a
comical figure when they are dressed in their
inexpressibles!)

Fait and conscience and you may fay dat.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LET sons of sloth dream time away,

Regardless what may follow,

And rail at us who wake the day

With horn, and hound, and hollow:

We their pursuits shou'd find the fame,

To their secrets were we privy,

Each man to hunt some favourite game

Through life goes on tantivy.

II.

The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
And walks with Aristotle,
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools,
The toper hunts his bottle.

Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

III.

When doctors come in at the death,
For true bred hunters these are,
The patient cries, with his last breath,
"Et tu Brute! then fall Cæsar."

Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

IV.

The misanthrope hunts out for woes,
Muck-worms are for gold pursuing,
While neck and nothing, as he goes,
The spendrift hunts his ruin.

v.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind,
 Outrageous saints hunt sinners,
 While with round belly, capon-lin'd.
 Fat aldermen hunt dinners.

Thus should we find men's views the same,
 To their secrets were we privy,
 All, all to hunt, &c.

vi.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place,
 Rakes hunts new sets of features,
 While generous hearts urge on the chase,
 To relieve their fellow creatures :

Let us, while to our action's aim,
 Regardlets who are privy,
 In chase of pleasure, as fair game,
 Through life go on tantivy.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye,
Yet was her tender bosom fad
Whene'er she heard the loud reveillez :

The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle,
Ah too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle !

There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd,
Vain pomp ! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

II.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or sighs discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover

Directed by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin.

Her very soul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

III.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:

The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover,
His name she heard, and cried I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!

Then heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low
On the cold ground!

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay and womankind too,
 As by proof I shall presently shew you :—
 See that upstart, to power who unworthily grew,
 With good fortune so drunk he don't know you.

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
 And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

II.

Why reels that poor wretch ? Why his eyes does he roll ?
 Why mutter and storm in that fashion ?
 What wine has he drank ? How oft emptied the bowl !
 Not at all sir, the man's in a passion !

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
 And passion as easy can make mortals drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

III.

See that whimsical creature, now cry, and now laugh,
 Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget !
 He's not drunk fir, for all he's so like a great calf,
 'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot !

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
 And love as completely can make a man drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

IV.

See these beautiful creatures like angels come on,
 Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether,
 Say, 'ent it a pity they are all half gone ?
 Not with wine, but a cap and a feather !

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
 And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

V.

Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
 Poor mortals can make non se ipse;
 We swill like a sponge, or a mayor at a feast,
 The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsey!

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
 And folly as easy can make mortals drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I'VE sail'd round the world without fear or dismay,
 I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair,
 I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of my
 pay,
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.

II.

When in a French prison I chanced for to lie,
 With no light from the heaven's, and scarce any air,
 In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
 Was dismal I own, but I did not despair.

III.

But Lord this is nothing—my poor upper works
 Got shatter'd and I was obliged to repair;
 I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst the
 Turks,
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.

IV.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
 Laid sang up my timbers, and never know care,
 If the agent had not ran away with the cash,
 And so many brave fellows plunged into despair.

V.

So coming long side of our bold royal tar,
 I told him the rights on't, for why should I care,
 Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the
 wars,
 And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

VI.

Says his highness, says he, such ill treatment as thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my care,
So now blessings on him sing out me and mine,
And thus British seamen should never despair.

VII.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
That each tar of his rhino should have his full share,
And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

VIII.

Then push round the grog, though we face the whole
world,
Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd,
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and despair.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,
For a roll or a trevally,
Among the girls loud sounds my fame,
When I their quarters rally.

For with fife and drum
I smirking come,
Leer, cock my hat,
Swear and all that,
Nor never dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy:
But as for wars,
And wounds, and fears,
And fighting foes,
And thumps, and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

II.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gasp without assistance,

In baggage waggon, perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a distance :

And with fife and drum
I smirking come,
'Mongst soldier's wives,
Who lead merry lives,
Nor ever dread
A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let their husbands go,
And, 'gainst the foe
Gain glory's fears
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

III.

Yet think ye I am not renown'd
In foreign wars and civil,
Why, sir, when safe at home and sound,
Zounds I could fight the devil !

And with fife and drum,
Can smirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer and all that,
Nor never dread
A broken head,

When the cause of strife's a doxy:

Let others go,

And, 'gainst the foe,

Gain glory's scars

In honour's wars:

I'd rather fight by proxy.

IV.

Thus through the world I make a noise

Where'er I'm a sojourner,

The mighty wonder and surprise

Of every chimney corner!

Where with fife and drum

I smirking come,

And rap out zounds,

And talk of wounds,

Nor ever dread

A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy:

They're fools who go,

And, 'gainst the foe,

In glory's wars

Gain honour's scars:

I'm wise, and fight by proxy.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADIES and gentlemen I'm a beau,
 A beau I have been all my life,
 And yet may the devil fetch me if I know
 How I, whose whole trade is
 To tickle up the ladies,
 Have never yet got me a wife.

I started in life 'bout the year sixty-two,
 My small clothes were scarlet, my stocking were blue,
 My shoes were half-boots, pudding sleeves too I wore,
 My hat in the true pistol cock, and the more
 O'er the fair to prevail,
 I sported a fine ramille for a cue,
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

II.

Fashion thus yields to fashion, as night yields to day,
 The huge hat that was cock'd with an air
 Soon was kick'd out of doors, of the smart Nivernois
 The chara'd world sung the praises,
 The belles put on jaxies,
 And the beaux sported now their own hair.

By that time it came to the year seventy-two,
The fashions of mixture of old were and new ;
Your hair like a bushel might look, or a wig,
Or nine hairs of a side, with the tail of a pig,
For me o'er the fair to prevail,
I had seven yards of ribbon to make me a queue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

III.

Again with the varying modes did I jump,
Of fashion I gave the grand pas ;
My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my rump,
In all circles shoving,
A beau, or a floven,
With a slouch, or a chapeau de bras :

Thus I sported my figure about eighty-two,
Drove a two-story gig, that four pony rats drew,
Wore a coat with seven capes, thirteen waistcoats in one,
And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
With the fair to prevail,
A large porter's knot would have scarce held my queue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

IV.

Thus in all sorts of modish assemblies the first,
Have my puffs, health, and spirits been hack'd,

158 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But the polish worn off, nothing left but the rust,
I of fashion's strange stages,
Like Shakespeare's Seven Ages,
Play the farce, though I'm in at the last act.

Arrived to year of Our Lord ninety-two,
I dress, and I coax, and I flirt, but won't do;
At a hundred and one I should still be a fop,
But done up, and nick named by the world they grey
crop,
Can I hope to prevail,
To play gallantry's part I have now lost my cue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Alas! the battle's lost and won,
Dick Flint's born off the field
By death, from whom the stoutest run,
Who makes whole armies yield!

Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,
 Brav'd war and its alarms,
 Now death beneath the humble sod
 Has grounded his arms!

II.

Dick's march'd before us, on a rout
 Where ev'ry foldier's sent,
 His fire is dead, his courage out,
 His ammunition spent:

His form so active's now a clod,
 His grace no longer charms,
 For death beneath the humble sod
 Has grounded his arms!

III.

Come fire a volley o'er his grave,
 Dead marches let us beat;
 War's honours well become the brave,
 Who found their last retreat.

All must obey Fate's awful nod,
 Whom life this moment warms,
 Death soon or late, beneath the sod
 Will ground the foldier's arms!

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ADIEU my gallant sailor, obey thy duty's call,
Though false the sea, there's truth ashore ;
Till nature is found changing, thou'rt sure of constant
Poll :
And yet, as now we sever,
Ah much I fear that never
Shall I alas behold thee more.

II.

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and bied him to
begone,
Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore :
Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought on,
Adieu cried Jack for ever,
For much I fear that never
Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest tar,
And for a while lamented sore ;
At length, cried she, I'll marry ; what should I tarry for ?
I may laid apes for ever,
Jack's gone, and never, never
Shall I, alas, behold him more !

17.

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his faithful
Poll,
Think you, cried she, that false I swore,
I'm constant still as ever, 'tis nature's chang'd, that's all ;
And thus we part for ever,
For never, sailor, never
Shall I behold you more !

v.

If, as you say, that nature like winds can shift and veer,
About ship for a kinder shore,

I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see, my dear,
 To a kind heart for ever
 I've spliced myself, so never
 Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant so jolly,
 Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and
 sing,

Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
 And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king:

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main sail,
 And the wind came on so strong upon a lee shore,
 Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top gantail,

A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more:
 But grieving's a folly,
 Come let us be jolly,

If we've troubles on sea boys, we'll sing 'em 'shore.

I I.

Whiffing Tom full of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog :

Long side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore,
In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more:

But grieving's a folly, &c.

I I I.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meddmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :

One day with the davit to weigh the cadge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He over board tip, when a shark and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more :

But grieving's a folly, &c.

IV.

But what of it all lads, shall we be down hearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in safe moorings will bring us all up:

But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damn'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ARRAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,
And it en't, for it's seen every day,
That the truest of joys honest hearts are receiving
Are those they are giving away.

Sure men are all sisters, and cousins, and brothers,
And 'tis clear to the stupidest elf

That the best kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himself :

Thus this bodder and game, th's same meum and tuum,
Means the devil a meaning but suum.

II.

For your friend's peace of mind should you let your
mouth water,
And be getting the wish you obtain,
In possessing his purse, or his wife or his daughter,
What delight would the joy be but pain.

Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's useless labour,
Be't for love, or for pow'r, or for pelf,
For every wrong that a man does his neighbour,
Sure is he net doing himself?

Thus this bodder, &c.

III.

If I'm rich, and should chuse to do good to another,
Arrah fait for the selfish design
Devil tank me, for if you allow I'm his brother,
Fait and conscience sure in not he mine?

But, says musty Morality, chuse objects fitting;
Just your sermons lay by on the shelf;

Why you stupid old big wig, arrah sure 'ent I getting
For one joy of his ten for myself.

Thus this bodder, &c.

IV.

Then from such bothoration in pity release us,
Fortune all you bestow will repay,
And though poor as Job, you'll all be as rich as Craesus,
For you'll keep what you've given away :

The fine generous maxim then while you're pursuing
Spend your all to heave mountains of pelf,
Soar high while you're sinking, be prosperous in ruin,
And give joy to enjoy it yourself.

And thus have I proved, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore :

To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
While a young tar the ample trousers ey'd,
In need of firmness, in this state distressing,
Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried,

Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's a notion,
Grief a'l in vain;
Sweet love take heart,
For we must part
In joy to meet again.

II.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William flood,
When Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:

Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more!

Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's my portion,
Mourning and pain!
Freak my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.

III.

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief?

Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy,
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:

Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again!

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LIFE's a jest, says the poet, arrah sure 'tis a pun—
 Men call black for white through some quibbling
 pretence,
 And expressions still use where the sound is all one,
 Though as distant as London from Dublin the sense.

Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,
 This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
 Where men play on our passions to turn us all fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that we may make Lull's.

II.

That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover declares,
 And must marry or hang—the dear creature beset,
 Consents, little dreaming he puns while he fears,
 For the taef does not mean he's in love, but in debt.

Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,
 This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
 Where fine dashing lovers fond widows turn fools,
 And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.

II.

That sweet babe, says old Bolus, I'll quickly restore
To that mother from whom the dear creature had
birth ;
Punning rogue, by and by fir the child is no more,
So he lies and speaks truth, for he meant mother
earth !

Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's no hing more than a pun,
And thus learned physicians their patients turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

IV.

Says the courtier, my friend, you shall have a snug place,
A douceur or two more and your suit cannot fail ;
The dear punning courtier gets into disgrace,
And you get sure enough a snug place in a jail !

Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by soul's nothing more than a pun,
And thus courtiers turn their dependants and fools,
And make puns and quibbles that they may make
bulls.

v.

Thus one thing they say, and another express,
Thus feathers cut throats, thus are sycophants civil,
Don't bishops and ladies say no, and mean yes?
Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?

Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
Thus men laugh in their sleeves, while they turn their
friends fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

RONDEAU.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Who calls?—Who calls?

Who Wisdom calls by Momus' name?

Who needs a sample of my quality?

Momus and wisdom are the same,

Wisdom's god's the god of jollity.

Let the dark sage who low'rs and scowls,

And broods o'er melancholy,

See! creeping snakes and hooting owls,

And call all pleasure folly:

If this be truth, truth speaks in lies,

This axiom nought can vary,

If to be merry's to be wise,

To be wise is to be merry.

Who calls? &c.

Be mortals motives what they may,

Po'r, love, ambition, treasure,

In spite of all wise foo's can say,

The end propos'd is pleasure.

That truth which contradicts me, lies ;

 This axiom ought can vary,

If to be merry's to be wise,

 To be wise is to be merry.

 Who calls ? &c.

See laughter at my beck appears,

 And holds up men and manners,

Haste Joy's recruit's, Whim's volunteers,

 Lift under Momus' banners :

I Folly drefs in Wisdom's guise,

 Nor can my maxims vary :

If to be merry's to be wise,

 To be wise is to be merry.

 Who calls ? &c.

RONDEAU.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A MIGHTY sultan once for fun
Indulged an inclination,
'Tis odds by then my story's done
You'll make its application.

A wag he sent for to his court,
Who, each way you can mention,
To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,
Still tortured his invention.

To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's sons and daughters too
With Satire did he wander,
And still attempting something new,
Relying on the candour

Of this mighty sultan, &c.

At length his frolics at an end,
Cried one, I do not harm you,
But as you merit, my good friend,
He'll either save or dam you,

Will this mighty sultan, &c.

But, for your comfort, he is just,
And easily contented,
Nor to him e'er did any trust
Who afterwards repented.

You are the sultan who for fun
Indulge an inclination,
I am the wag—my story's done—
Now make it's application.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

In the motley feather'd race
 Mankind you may distinctly trace,
 Evermore on pleasure's wing
 Idly roving,
 Fighting, loving,
 They chatter, croak, and hoot, and sing.

Nor is my simile unfair,
 Among the people of the air
 Are birds of night and birds of day,
 Birds that on each other prey,
 Birds that whistle, birds that croak,
 Birds that are a standing joke,
 Birds that decoy, and mock and call,
 So like to birds are mortals all :

That in the motley feather'd race,
 Mankind you may distinctly trace,
 Evermore on pleasure's wing,
 Idly roving,
 Fighting, loving,
 They chatter, croak, and hoot, and sing.

II.

Thou hast seen upon the prowl,
Grave as any judge, an owl,
On birds and mice at random seize,
For wren or linnet,
Watch the minute,
And make a snatch, by way of fees :

Lawyers, who deal in froth and words,
What are they all but humming-birds ?
Geese are those who go to law,
A hoarding miser's a jackdaw,
Fond doves, like lovers, kiss and toy,
A bulfinch is an Irish joy,
Neglected worth's the humble wren,
While corm'rants are a'l aldermen !

Thus in the motley feather'd rare, &c.

III.

Vain peacocks thou hast seen, who hide
Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride ;
Thus, while they bask in sunshine's hur,
Spacious wonders,
Hide the blunders
Of gaudy peacocks, plum'd with power :

Fools so love knaves one can't desert
 The dove-house from the rookery ;
 The meekest dolt can tell you who
 Are like the wagtail and cuckoo :
 And all know those who swear and lie
 Are like the noisy chatt'ring pie :
 A hen's a flirt, with frizzl'd top,
 And what's the duck-tail'd-jay ?—A crop !

Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

SONG.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD two mighty chiefs come on !
 Not Hector, nor yet Telamon ;
 Who, 'stead of fists, cuff'd foes with rocks,
 But two tom-tits, or bantam cocks :
 Not like two combatants of yore,
 Who slew the foe, and drank the gore,

Like tygers, or fierce mastiff dogs—
But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs ;
Lank both in form and voice, and taper,
Like an eel-skin, or a thread paper ;
Who ammunition draw from lungs,
And wield not swords, nor spears, but tongues.

Suppose them enter'd in the list,
Their cause of quarrel who was hiss'd,
Or groan'd at most at either house :
Says general frog to general mouse—

AIR.

‘ Signor Pantheon
‘ Vat ting you play on,
‘ To give Mister John Bull delight ?
“ Montieur Haymarket,
“ Pray don't you bark yet,
“ Nor shew your toothe, for you can't bite.”

‘ My great big house make people stare,
“ Vat use great house, nobody dare ?
“ I do de op'ra, you must sing song :”
‘ Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
‘ And den great many much foot high,
‘ The chandelier he touch de sky :’
“ You Sadler-vells, Attley, Foxhall,
“ All Derry Down, Tit fol de rol :”

' Your house make mine one servant-hall.'

" I license get, you none at all."

' Fire and fury, dev'l in hell,

' Oh vat disgracia,

' To my faccia,

' 'Tis ferry fell,

' Fiddler, singer, dancer, quick

' To assist your gen'ral rush,

' Make haste, shoulder your fiddlestick,

' And all to piece dis nutshell crush.'

" Nutshell be full, he bring some meat a,

" Your fiddlestick no good to eat a."

' Oh zounds, cot tam !

' Vat rage I am,

' I could my flesh for anger eat :

" Ah do, you'll get no other meat."

' Shades of creat musicians all,

' In heaven, in hell, or on the deep,

' Quick appear, obey my call !

" He won't appear, he fast asleep."

' Banoncini,

' Farinelli,

' P e c c i,

' f e m e l l i,

' And ail de elli,

' And n e l l i,

' And rini,
 ' And e ni,
 ' Great fiddling quire,
 ' Appear at fount of David lyre.
 ' Come, drive dis rogue from English land!
 ' Fat, short, and tall a men,
 ' Come, follow. follow men,
 ' David and Soloman,
 ' One sing, and toder lead the band!"

" Ah you may bawl,
 " You cini he vont come at all."

' I'll ston your mouth, you villain taef!"
 " All dis fine nize dome get roast beaf!"

" Come dome be fool,
 " But let us join,
 " Your force and mine,
 " And den dome fear
 " But, the next year,
 " Wid your fine hell,
 " Your band'ring swell,
 " May he, and ha,
 " Mister John Bull
 " Shall cry hoora!
 " Vive L'Opera!"

[BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
Mean and lowly though I seem,
I knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whistles and drives my team:
Your natty sparks, and flashy dames
How do I love to queer,
I runs my rigs,
And patters, and gigs,
And plays a hundred comical games,
To all that comes near.

Then in a pet
To hear 'em fret,
A mobbing away they go—
("The scoundrel deserves to be horse whipt!"
'Who, me ma'am?')
Wo Ball, wo!
So to mind them I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team:

II.

So as I seems thinking of nothing at all,
 And driving as fast as I can,
 I pins a queer thing against the wall,
 Half a monkey, and half a man!
 The mob came round him to put up his blood,
 While he's trembling from top to toe,
 My whip it goes spank,
 I tips Bail on the flank,
 Bail plunges, an I paints him all over with mud,
 Queers his stockings, and spoils the beaut

Then the sweet pretty dear
 Ah could you but hear,
 ("Odds curse you, I'll make you know,
 "You infernal villain!")
 'Lord bless your baby face, I would not hurt your
 'spindle shanks for the world!')
 Wo Bail, wo!
 So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
 But whistles and drives my team.

III.

And so gets the finest fun
 And frisk that ever you saw,

Of all I mee's I can queer ev'ry one
 But you gemmen of the law :
 Though they can scarcely put me down,
 Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
 Where their tails of a pig
 They hide with a wig,
 How many ways in London town
 They dresse a calf's head.

Then ev'ry dunce
 To hear open at once,
 Like mill-clacks their clappers go,
 (" Oh that's the fellow I saw grinning through the
 " horse collar in the county."
 ' I fancy you're the fellow I saw grinning through
 ' the pillory in London!')

Wo Ball, wo !
 So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
 But whistles and drives my team.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I SING of that life of delight beyond measure,
That tars calmly lead on the hoist-ro's main,
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
And where men lose their lives, a sure fortune to gain:

Where you fear no diseases but harkness an' scurvy,
Where the water stinks sweetly, by way of a zest,
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topsy
turvy,
And where, though you sleep soundly, you're never
at rest!

Then push round the can, oh you have not a notion
Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts, and wives,
Ah give me, my son, the tight lads of t' ocean
Who, though they're so wretched, lead such happy
lives.

II.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middie,
That so dash, and so whistle, and boulder your cars,
And play a duet with the tar's fang and fiddle,
So sweetly that sounds, and that nobody hears :

Then to see the tight lads, how they laugh at a stranger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders can
kill,

For you're safe sure enough, were you not in such danger,
And might looll at your ease, if you could but sit still.

Then push round the can, &c.

III.

What of perils that, always the same, are so various,
And through shot holes and leaks leave wide open
Death's doors,

Devil a risk's in a battle, wer't not so precarious,
Storms were all gig, and fun, but for breakers and
shores :

In short, a tar's life, you may say dat I told it,
Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to
roam,

Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
 The best life in the world, next to staying at home.
 Then push round the can, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THIS here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a notion
 That our troubles, our sorrows and strife,
 Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
 As we work through the passage of life:

And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
 To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
 Is a pop gun that tries to out-roar a nine pounder,
 All the same as a-whiff in a gale.

Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starv'd
 me,
 And my toes are all ragged and queer,
 Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had serv'd me,
 Or caus'd ruin'd beauty a tear.

II.

Now there tother day, when my messmate deceiv'd me,
 Stole my rhino my chest, and our Poll;
 Do you think in revenge, while their treachery griev'd me,
 I a court martial call'd?—Not at all.

This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing,
 'Tis true they han't left me a cross,
 A vile wife and false friend though are gone by the
 bargain,
 So the gain d'ye see's more than the loss.

For though fortune's a jilt, and has, &c.

III.

The heart's all—when that's built as it should, sound
 and clever,
 We go 'fore the wind like a fly,
 But, if rotten and crunk, you may luff up for ever,
 You'll always fail in the wind's eye:

With a raver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off,
 I'm a drift, let it blow then great guns,

A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemmen's head off,
I take's life rough and smooth as it runs :

Content, though hard fortune, &c.

FINALE.

IN THE COALITION.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with
vapours,

Your parsons with preaching, and dancers with capers,

Soldiers pay you with courage, and fame with their lives,

Some men with their fortunes, and some with their wives:

Some with fame, some with conscience, and many throw
both in,

Physicians with latin, and great men with nothing:

I, not to be singular in such a throng,
For your kindness pay you with the end of a song.

II.

But pleading, engrossing, declaring, and vap'ring,
And fighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and capering,
And preaching, and swearing, and bullying—prescribing,
And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeling, and bribing,

And every professional art of hum-drumming
Is clearly in some sort of species of humming;
Humming!—nay, take me with you, the term's very
strong,
But I only meant humming the end of a song,

III.

For all who this evening have paid me attention
I would I had language of some new invention
My thanks to return, for where's the expression
Can describe of your kindness the grateful impression?

May every desire of your hearts be propitious,
Be lasting success the result of your wishes,
Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long!
And now I am come to the end of my song.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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